The New Unity

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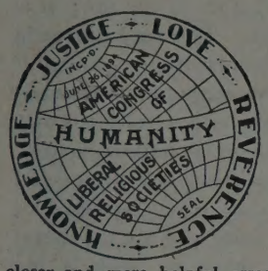

TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

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Concerning Patience.

Give me patience, dear Lord, of Thine infinite patience. May I learn of Thee who waitest thro' the aeons of eternity for Thy purpose to fulfil itself.

May my soul be at rest and content in doing its utmost, nor fret at the slow accomplishing.

May I learn of Thy patience to labor in charity with my brother, knowing that he too must be patient with me.

May I learn faithfully to labor in Thy vineyard with whatever tools at hand, tireless, patient, till the going down of the sun.

Teach me to trust in the deathlessness of my well-doing tho' fruitless it seem to me.

Let me live and die in the faith that all things are ordained for good, and that I, an infinite fraction, may order my life toward helping Thine infinite, beneficent purpose.

Patience, dear Lord.

Editorial

THE need of the hour is the vision, the seer's gift; we want the power, as Mrs. Browning puts it,

> "To see things near as comprehensively
> As if afar they took their point of sight.
> And distant things as intimately deep
> As if they touched them."

With this vision ugly things become beautiful, encouragement grows out of discouraging facts; trust and peace become the habitual possibilities of the soul.

NOT all the hoarding that is criminal is the hoarding of money. Unaccumulated and unutilized wealth of head may be as mean as a similar wealth of purse. Accumulated knowledge selfishly enjoyed and meanly used is, to say the least, as bad as accumulated dollars thus used. There are some folks who are cultivated to their damnation as well as those who are financially prosperous to their damnation. Gifts of head, hand and heart are gifts only when divinely used.

MAN has been so busy the last few thousand years in learning so many things that he has forgotten to learn the feeling that belongs to everything. When the heart catches up with the head in astronomy we will revive the primitive fire worship of our fore-elders minus the superstition, plus the awe that comes with the understanding of the sublime relation that actually exists between a tallow candle and Mars. We will reverently recognize the links that unite the blaze in the kitchen gas range to the great central fire that floods the world with its daily beauty.

SECRETARY George Batchelor of the A. U. A. preached in his old pulpit at Unity Church, Chicago, last Sunday on his way to the Pacific Coast where he will go the rounds of his episcopacy. It is a severe task on one's intellectual faculties to do California judiciously the first time, particularly when he leaves frost bitten regions for that summer land. The innumerable lilies under a cloudless sky throw a charm over the spiritual world as well as the material; so that it is not easy to discriminate between the perfection of nature and the imperfections of human nature. It takes a high religion to prepare men for that terrestrial paradise and there is no need so great there as elsewhere, as the need of a religion equal to the occasion and worthy the setting. Mr. Batchelor will find a hearty welcome among the willing workers who will greet him, but the highest inspirations rest upon the unconscious need and the undeveloped possibilities of a religion that is adequate to unite and inspire the progressive forces of the Pacific Coast in one co-operative movement.

"THE Bureau of Labor and Transportation" is the name of an humble but most worthy philanthropic industry in the city of Chicago, which on a total cost of eight hundred and thirteen dollars and sixty-six cents last year transplanted two hundred and forty-seven persons in families, one hundred and twenty-six of which were mothers with children, thirty-one orphans, fifty-nine single men and forty-eight single women from the city to country homes and country tasks, scattering them chiefly through the lumbering regions of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota and the farming lands of Kansas. We know of no larger returns from the investment within the reach of the philanthropic than such an industry as this. This organization needs to be encouraged and those in other cities should go and do likewise.

THE following note from our friend sets us aright on a matter in which we blundered in a recent editorial note. The term used in Matthew Arnold's letter upon which we commented is "Training Colleges." At the time, instead of conveying to our mind the "Teachers' Institute" contingency rightly alluded to in Col. Higginson's note, the phrase suggested to us the Preparatory College for the University, which, of course, was not the school in mind if, indeed, there are many such in England.

> I think that the *New Unity* is quite wrong in supposing that the students at the Teachers' Institute—those students of whom Matthew Arnold reports that not one per cent of them took sides with the Union cause,—represented the classes of leisure and luxury in England. It is not that order of society which furnishes teachers for English schools. They certainly belonged to the middle class, probably the lower middle class. This makes his statement more important, because we have here always clung to the impression that this middle class was more inclined to favor us than was the aristocratic or the literary class. This statement will rather serve to alter that impression and to leave us to suppose that the mechanic class afforded us our only English friends—with a few notable exceptions—during that period of stress.
>
> T. W. HIGGINSON.
>
> Cambridge, Mass.

AFTER relegating all the poor who have deserved their poverty, the miserable who have bargained for their own misery, into the hands of a severe social science, there remains the cripple caught in the cogs of the social wheel, that woman's face haunted with a misery as far from vice as heaven is from hell. The pestilence that swept across the sea struck her peerless boy and he with-

ered. The sulphurous fumes oozed out of the bowels of the earth into the shaft of the mine in which her faithful husband toiled with loving loyalty to find the gold and silver which would make others rich, and he sickened. Look at that man's face. It is the face of a sick man, not a bad man. Once he walked erect and elastic, and it was his pleasure to trim the vines in the happy prospect of the vintage that would make happy the home nest into which innocent and pure children were born; but the early rains brought rheumatism and the summer drouth brought fever. He represents a misery that is not explained by your statistics of vice. That we have been deceived ninety-nine times does not justify us in being cruel and inconsiderate towards the hundredth worthy sufferer.

A RECENT sermon of Rev. Mr. Crothers delivered at Cambridge, Mass., and published, is on "The Religious Value of Skepticism," in which he says "to the consciousness that we stand in the presence of the infinite we are brought slowly and painfully by the doubting intellect. It has scrutinized the path, it has stopped before doors that for the time seem to have shut out hope of further progress, but door after door has opened until at last it cries wonderingly 'End there is none to the universe of God. Lo! also there is no beginning.'" In the same strain the *Pacific Unitarian* for January reports a Christmas cantata written by Charles A. Keeler and rendered at Berkeley, in which occurs this dialogue between Doubt and Faith. The first exclaims,

"I claim not Truth, O Queen of Fate!
My name is Doubt. With fierce debate,
I question all things, high and low,
And seek the sham within the show;
But one I lead, whose trust sublime,
O'erleaps the bounds of space and time,
Comes forth to claim the Truth we seek."

The second responds,

"My name is Faith. When Doubt denies,
I find a deeper trust that lies
Within the error Doubt disowns.
His shams for me are stepping stones
To Truth, that mounts, but never dies."

WE have waited, with many others, with lively anxiety for the final decision of Minot J. Savage. It is now announced. This man, who for twenty-one years has been the most commanding unorthodox voice heard in Boston pulpits, has determined to sever the slowly formed and long standing ties and to begin again in a new field. He goes technically as Robert Collyer's colleague, practically as his successor. The great-hearted blacksmith has passed his three score and ten landmark and justly enters into the well-earned leisure of a minister's afternoon. His preaching henceforth will be from gracious impulse and internal choice rather than from the exacting necessity of positive contract. This decision of Mr. Savage is fraught with important consequences to the Unitarian denomination, whose valiant champion he is, and perhaps the most representative mouthpiece of Unitarian*ism* at present date. The headquarters of Unitarianism loses the man who might become within the next ten years more of a leader than he has been in the past, but the cause of liberal religion, untrammelled by name and unharnessed to the traditions of any one sect, will probably gain more than Unitarianism will lose, if, indeed, the latter loses anything. It is the hope of Mr. Savage that in going to New York he may do more for his denomination, and if there is a Unitarian constituency in New York of the denominational kind, Mr. Savage will do much to develop it. But the truth may be that New York is waiting for and needing not a Unitarian propaganda but a propaganda on still higher and more inclusive lines that will be superior to the controversies of Christendom and will seek the synthesis on the lines of humanity which will welcome Jew, Agnostic, Progressive Trinitarian, open-minded Catholic and Ethical Culture advocates into one conscious fellowship, seeking more and more co operation on lines of human helpfulness, practical religion, seven-day churches working for seven-day piety. There is a Unitarian constituency in and around New York City that will give proud welcome to Mr. Savage, but a nobler brotherhood awaits him. If in addition to these workers, he can strike hands with Felix Adler, Heber Newton, the Universalist brotherhood and lead them all into greater co-operation and a more conscious unity than they have heretofore enjoyed, he will indeed be a prophet to a needy city.

The Dawn.

There is a classic tale which tells of the seven young Christians of Ephesus who, fleeing from the persecutions of Decius, sought refuge in a cave. The cruel persecutor caused the mouth of the cave to be walled up and left them to win the crown of martyrdom by a unique death. Two centuries later, a farmer in the neighborhood, seeking building material for his granaries, removed the stones placed there by forgotten hands for a forgotten purpose. The light of the sun again penetrated the darkness. The gentle youths woke from a miraculous sleep two centuries long. The supposed martyrs of the third, confronted the citizens of the fifth century. What a realizing sense of change did the interview bring. The story only feebly hints at the reality that troubles us all. Every sunrise comes to awaken us out of a past from which we have been severed as actually as were the seven sleepers of Ephesus. Their two centuries' sleep brought an unconsciousness no deeper, broke the thread of continuity no more effectually, left the great world spinning through space no more independently than did our eight hours' sleep last night. They awoke to a world marked by no more rejuvenating forces than do each of us each morning. Every awakening is a rising from death. Every sleep is a sinking back into the infinite arms, it is yielding ourselves to be rocked in the lap of the eternal. Each morning there is a beginning of life; each night is a ripening, a weariness, an ending, a death and tomorrow an awakening, again as marvelous, startling, incomprehensible and stupendous as the rising of the soul through birth into growth and decline into death why not followed by another reawakening into some other day's existence. Let the sun go his triumphant round, gleaming in the stories children love, shining through pastimes and holidays, ripening lives through disappointment and sorrow into sunset glory. Christmas is the Pagan Yule time. "Yule" means "wheel," the symbol of the sun; it is the *sun*-day of the year. The very umbrella we carry over our heads, the "parasol," shows in its name that it was first a sacred symbol of the sun, used with a religious significance before it became a comfort, a toy, a vanity. The very gold we covet received its first impress of value from its sun-like brightness; it was the color and not the metal that was sacred, and when we seek it for what our primitive forefathers sought it, for what it symbolizes rather than for what it is, our religion may help our hard times. Every day the sun does rise. In the spirit the rhythmic cycles of God keep pace with the circling year. Physically and spiritually we are purblind, we groan and agonize, grow restless and mean for fear of the weather, when instead we ought to sing our sunrise hymn. In the dusky morning we ought to welcome the glories that are surely coming, that now are. Jesus differed from his countrymen on the Jerusalem streets, crucifixion morning, because he detected the dawn where others saw only a rising storm. His "nevertheless not as I will but as thou wilt" was a sunrise hymn. Constantine with his cross in the sky welcomed the dawn; Luther sang his sunrise hymn; Channing greeted a new day. Now, as then, they only are sane who fit into the sanity of the universe and know that whatever is the matter with the times today, the trouble is inward, it is a disarrangement of the finite and not a mistake of the infinite. The truth is our easy beds, bolted doors and guarded houses bridge the chasm from one day to another so perfectly that we little realize how deep is the profound that divides the waking days. How irresistible is the power not—ourselves that keeps its continuous march onward. If we could live one night with the hunted Indian's vigilance; walk one night, even in imagination, with the belated traveler who weaves the helpless labyrinth of tracks on the snows of a western prairie; keep step with the solitary sentry on his midnight beat as he measures the sluggish hours by counting his weary paces; toss one night on the sleepless fever bed; watch one night with finger on waning pulse with the prayer gripping the heart so close that it never moves the lips,—"Oh God, grant that the dear one may see the sun once more"—then we might realize what it is the sun brings each morning. And our hearts would leap with joy as we remembered that it is sunrise somewhere all the time, that there is never a moment but what "Pure gold boils o'er the cloud-cup's brim" and that somewhere some soul every hour in the day hears the reverberation o

the gun on some sunrise parapet which relieves some weary sentinel from his duty. Every moment of every day brings the cheering radiance of a rising sun to some sick bed. There is never a moment of sunset gloom at one place but what there is literally the fresh light at some other place.

There is but one interpretation that lasts of our present glooms and all other glooms, and that is that they are destined to be dissipated. The heavenly flame, Prometheus-like is on its way from heaven at this moment, which will dispel the gloom and awaken the soul. It *is* hard times in business. But the hard times have come out of meanness and we can never better them for ourselves or others by more meanness. They will vanish whenever we recognize the never failing sun and go to meet it with our generous hymns of love and praise. The only cure for our hard times is more nobility in ourselves first, in all the world afterwards.

It is a dark time in the political world. Our cities are shrouded in disgrace, corruption and dishonesty and high-handed selfishness is paralyzing our vitality. The sun shines just the same and we must turn towards the sun, start a sunrise hymn of honesty and of generosity, strike it high and clear, independent of party anxieties, theological prejudices, race animosities or individual interests, and how soon will our citizens take up the chorus and our cities will swing into the new light of a better day.

What is happening in the religious world today? What are we trying to do for religion? What ought we to do today? Start a sunrise hymn which will welcome the dawn, awaken one by one the torpid sleepers, compelling them to arouse themselves, join in the rising chorus that will bring into conscious fellowship the multitudes now clothed in differing garbs of thought, various nationalities and diverse religious antecedents. Sing away, thou herald of a new day in religion wherever you may be. Pitch high and clear the sunrise hymn mindless of those who lazily roll on their beds asking for a little more sleep and a little more slumber. Let your notes be of the universal hymn and one by one will join the chorus until the whole family is praising.

We cannot separate the physical from the spiritual. We cannot keep the great sun of the heavens from the great light of the soul. The sun is the parable which conveys the other truth so apt that if we learn the one the other lesson will surely follow.

The sun will never rise in glory upon sordid schemes or ignoble thrift. We cannot atone for extravagance and dishonesty, for recklessness and dissipation by a hasty prudence on the lines related to the highest life of the individual and the community. How appaling is the spectacle now witnessed in Chicago of a managed city beset with roystering clubs, saloons without number, wealthy men who escape taxation and poor men growing rich by political jobs, breaking out in a heroic spasm of economy in the educational activities of the city. The implied contract found in the slowly developed and clearly established schedule of prices, broken in open mid-winter for thrift's sake. This is not the way to renovate the finances of the city, much less is it the way to purify the politics and ennoble the life. Let the city keep faith with its humblest servant, be generous with its highest activities, fertilize soul and not starve it, feed mind, and then its revenues will be adequate to its needs and mind will dominate its industries and conscience direct its public as well as private affairs.

Chicago, in its short life, has known the reign of the priest, the banker and the political boss. It has passed through in its short life the regime of the missionary who sought the glory of the next world by discounting the realities of this world, the Fathers of the noble Church of Blessed Memory who reared the cross on the banks of the Chicago river followed by the revivalist and the sectarian. Following this came the regime of the speculator who sought magnificence and munificence by pork and corn speculation, or skilful manipulation of corner lots. It is now in full realization of the calamitous rule of the partisan, how doleful are the fruits of the office-seeking, how wicked are the schemes of the political boss. Let the chant of the sunrise hymn be begun that it may usher in the new day, the regime of morals, the rule of the righteous, the kingdom of justice. The hymn that may at first be sounded by a feeble few will surely be taken up by a growing chorus until the mighty swell of a multitude of voices will fill the public heart first with cheer and then with a patience which will enable them to work for and to wait for the coming of the full day of knowledge and reverence, prosperity and equity, the wealth that is loving and lovable.

Jew Baiting.

The arrival in this country of a professional anti-Semite has a touch of the comic as well as the tragic. These things lie in the blood. About once a century a great break out of Jew hate must take place. It runs its course as a fever does; and it reappears in its appointed season. Just what this law of periodicity in human instincts is it is not easy to define or analyze; but there it is. The case would be a sad one only we know that we are steadily forming new instincts of better and humaner sorts. To be altruistic in sentiment and action, to rise over prejudice, and act out the Golden Rule is not an easy achievement; but it is a possible achievement.

The Shemitic and Aryan stocks are closely related in origin and more closely related in destiny. It is one of the curiosities of history that these two races have been able to get on well without each other. How much of historic back-sight there was in the prophecy that Shem should dwell in the tents of Japhet we shall not easily find out; but it seems likely that the co-operation of the two forces runs back of historic records. Again and again in the history that is reachable we have interchanged ideas and faiths. The Father of existing monism in Europe was the Jew Spinoza. The present out-reach toward a universal religion of humanity is as potent among the Jews as among Christians.

Ahlwardt is an illustration of what has passed and still passes for piety. He presents his arguments for the suppression of Jews from equal rights on the basis of the advantage to humanity. He is an apostle of the great Master who was himself a Jew. The Jew-baiters worship a Jew God and go forth to crucify his brethren.

What we need just now is a history of the Jews in America. Mr. Riis has given us in the *Review of Reviews* for January a tale that is not only good reading for Heer Ahlwardt but for all the uninformed. He says "Their slums on the east side in New York are dark mainly because of the constant influx of a new population ever beginning the struggle over. The second generation is the last found in those tenements—if indeed the second is not on the way uptown to the avenue. They have brought temperate habits, and a redeeming love of homes." The charity organization of London reports very much the same. It says "the Jews have fairly renovated Whitechapel." The Jew brings a vast and unconquerable optimism. He believes in his destiny and the destiny of his people, because he believes in God. His God is not a god of the future, but of the now. Mr. Riis says "The laws of Moses operate today in New York's tenements to check the mortality more than all the laws of the Board of Health." "The death rate of poverty-stricken Jewtown despite the crowding is lower than that of the rich." You do not find the Jews forsaking the home life for the saloon life, and throwing aside a steady determination for the better. Ahlwardt will find his mission handicapped by statement of facts. No other nation can show such a record. They manage their charities with a system far superior to that of our race. "The Jewish inmates of the workhouse and almshouse can be counted on the fingers of one hand any day."

Mr. Riis shows that their schools excel in the technical line; while not overlooking general culture the Jew believes with all his soul in the practical. He educates the doing powers. "There is not now a Jewish institution or home for children in which the inmates are not trained in the useful trades." This was precisely what our race needed—to have education cured of its dilletantism—its mental-cultureism. Yet the Jews have not overlooked the higher education, the arts, and true culture. Mr. Riis says the higher classes of teachers in New York overflow with Jews—that their synagogues are centers of social energy. The same is true in Boston, Chicago, Denver and San Francisco. Wherever you go Jewish rabbis are now sought for as professors in our colleges and universities that are not sectarian. My honored associate on the editorial staff found Chatauqua's Christianity softening to his wise words. In fact the Jews' day has come sooner than that of the free-thinking Christians.

There could not be a less happy time for the Jew-baiter to come to America than just the present. One of the papers asks what will we do with the fellow; and answers let him alone. He is really helping to create a great revulsion against all such bigotry and race prejudice. A dozen of them let loose to bark and snarl would be the best thing to create an era of amity and mutual good will. What the rational part of the people need is to have their attention brought to the subject. The great day of human fellowship will be assured only when hate ceases to be a religious duty. Booker Washington says "As a race I believe we strengthen ourselves at every point by extending sympathy. No race can cherish ill will toward another without losing those elements that create a strong manhood."

The ambition of the Jew has always been cosmopolitan. Leroy Beaulieu says "The true spiritual religion for which the world has been sighing since Luther and Voltaire will be imparted to it by Israel. To accomplish this Israel needs only to discard her old practices. That hour will mark the birth of a religion truly universal and authoritative—at once human and divine." But in reality it is not our rituals that divide us; it is the spirit that inspires the rituals. It has happened fortunately for the forward-looking element in Judaism that the philosophy of evolution has created a common basis of thought and belief for both Christians and Jews. The innumerable protestors can now find a common platform of union. We all believe in Him "in whom we live and have our being"; by whose life purposing the whole universe looks ever toward better things—that is better for "men of good will."

E. P. P.

An intelligent foreigner is said to have expressed himself after the following fashion on the absurdities of the English language: "When I discovered that if I was quick I was fast, if I stood firm I was fast, if I spent too freely I was fast and that not to eat was to fast, I was discouraged; but when I came across the sentence: 'The first one won one one-dollar prize,' I was tempted to give up English and learn some other language.

Who were the Meistersingers and what is known of their guilds? Perhaps the briefest and most accurate reply was given by Prof. Bosanquet in a lecture before the Royal College of London. Its leading points may thus be summarized: With the decline of chivalry in Germany in the fourteeth and fifteeth centuries, the exercise of the gentle arts, which had fallen into disuse with the nobility, was adopted by the burgher class. It so happened that during this period the cities rose to a position of higher importance than they had ever before occupied. There was a while when it even seemed possible that they might become the preponderating element in the state. Multitudes of citizens became possessed of the desire to distinguish themselves in the arts in which they had been much surpassed by the nobles of a previous generation. Unfortunately they had no literary training; they were not familiar with any great models; the character of their daily employments was not such as to kindle thoughts that demanded poetic utterance; few of them had leisure for cultivation. At that time every trade had its guild; and they now formed guilds of poetry, the task of whose members was in intervals of leisure to produce songs according to a body of strict rules. The rules were called the "Tabulation," and the rank of each member was determined by his skill in applying them. The lowest stage was that of a man who had simply been received into the poetic guild; the highest, that of a master (meister singer) who had invented a new melody. Between these was the scholar, the friend of the school, the singer and the poet.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

The Calf Path.

I.

One day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home as good calves should.

But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail as all calves do.

Since then two hundred years have fled
And, I infer, the calf is dead.

II.

But still he left behind his trail
And thereby hangs my moral tale.

The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way.

And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,

And drew the flock behind him too,
As good bell-wethers always do.

And from that day o'er hill and glade
Through those old woods a path was made.

III.

And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about.

And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path;

But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf;

And through this winding wood-way stalked,
Because he wobbled when he walked.

IV.

This forest path became a lane
That bent and turned and turned again;

This crooked lane became a road
Where many a poor horse with his load

Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And traveled some three miles in one.

And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.

V.

The years passed on in swiftness fleet,
The road became a village street,

And this, before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare.

And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis.

And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.

VI.

Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed this zigzag calf about;

And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.

A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead.

They followed still his crooked way
And lost one hundred years a day.

For thus such reverence is lent
To well-established precedent.

VII.

A moral lesson this might teach
Were I ordained and called to preach.

For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf-paths of the mind;

And work away from sun to sun
And do what other men have done.

They follow in the beaten track,
And out and in, and forth and back,

And still their devious course pursue
To keep the path that others do.
But how the wise old wood-gods laugh
Who saw the first, primeval calf.

Ah, many things this tale might teach—
But I am not ordained to preach.

—*Samuel Walter Foss.*

The Religion of Walt Whitman.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NO ENEMY," "LITTLE JOURNEYS," ETC.

Most writers bear no message: they carry no torch. Sometimes they excite wonder, or they amuse and divert—divert us from our work. To be diverted to a certain degree may be well, but there is a point where earth ends and cloudland begins, and great poets often befog the things which they strive to reveal. Poets are not omniscient.

Homer was blind to much simple truth; Virgil carried you away from earth; Horace was undone without his Macaena; Dante makes you an exile; Shakespeare was singularly silent concerning the doubts, difficulties and common lives of common people; Byron's Corsair life does not help you in your toil, and in his fight with *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* we crave neutrality; to be caught in the meshes of Pope's *Dunciad* is not pleasant; and Lowell's *Fable for Critics* is only another *Dunciad*. But above all poets who have ever lived the author of *Leaves of Grass* was the poet of humanity. Milton knew all about heaven, and Dante conducts us through hell, but it was left for Whitman to show us earth. His voice never goes so high that it breaks in impotent falsetto, neither does it growl and snarl at things it does not understand, and not understanding, does not like. He was so great that he had no envy, and his insight was so sure that he had no prejudice. He never boasted that he was higher, nor claimed to be less than any of the other sons of men. He met all on terms of absolute equality, mixing with the poor, the lowly, the oppressed, the cultured, the rich—simply as brother with brother. And when he said to the outcast, "Not till the sun excludes you will I exclude you," he voiced a sentiment worthy of a god.

He was brother to the elements: the mountains, the seas, the clouds, the sky. He loved them all and partook of them all in his large, free, unselfish, untrammelled nature. His heart knew no limits and feeling his feet mortised in granite, his footsteps tenoned in infirmity he knew the amplitude of time.

Only the great are generous; only the strong are forgiving. Like Lot's wife, most poets look back over their shoulders; and those who are not looking backward insist that we shall look into the future, and hardly one out of the whole scribbling set but accept little Pope's pinched precept "Man never is, but always to be blest." We grieve for childhood's happy days, and long for sweet rest in heaven and sigh for mansions in the skies.

And the people about us seem so indifferent and our friends so luke-warm; and really no one understands us, and our environment queers our budding spirituality and the frost of jealousy nips our aspirations. O Paradise, O Paradise, the world is growing old; who would not be at rest and free where love is never cold? So sing the hirsute dyspeptics of the styles. O enemic he, you bloodless she, nipping at the crackers, sipping at tea, why not consider that although the evolutionists tell us where we came from, and the theologians inform us where we are going to, yet the only thing we are really sure of is that we are here!

The present is the perpetually moving spot where history ends and prophecy begins. It is our only possession: the past we reach through lapsing memory, halting recollection, hearsay and belief; we pierce the future by wistful faith or anxious hope but the present is beneath our feet.

Whitman sings the beauty and the glory

of the present. He rebukes our groans and sighs—bids us look on every side at wonders of creation, and at the miracles within our grasp. He lifts us up, restores us to our own, introduces us to man and nature and thus infuses into us courage, manly pride, self-reliance and the strong faith that comes when we feel our kinship with God.

He was so mixed with the universe that his voice took on the sway of elemental integrity and candor. Absolutely honest, this man was unafraid—pure nature has neither apprehension, shame nor vain-glory. In Leaves of Grass Whitman speaks as all men have ever spoken who believe in God and in themselves—oracular, without apology, without abasement, fearlessly. He tells without explanation of the powers and mysteries that pervade and guide all life, all death, all purpose.

Whitman brings the warmth of the sun to the buds of the heart so they open and bring forth form, color, perfume. He becomes for them aliment and dew, so these buds become blossoms, fruits, tall branches and stately trees that cast refreshing shadows. There are men who are to other men as the shadow of a mighty rock in a weary land—such was Walt Whitman.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

Mental Integrity in Religion.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts; and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom. Psa. li, 6.

Try me, my thoughts shall not vary from my speech. The Service Books reading of the 17th Psa. and 3d verse.

That truth is, is the sacredness and hope of life. By the integrity of things they are; by integrity in their use, they serve. It is the integrity of the granite that rejoices the builder, that makes the heart of the sculptor glad. The integrity of the ochre keeps the sunshine in the picture, making glad the generations that delight in its beauty. The integrity of the oak realizes the ship upon the waves, riding the storm. The integrity of the steel keeps the hurrying train to its faithful paths, and the commerce of a world is done.

The integrity of life makes the harvests come, each after its kind. It makes the cattle on the thousand hills, and the sheep in all the meadows. It makes the lily a thing of beauty, and the thrush a thing of joy. It keeps the rose in its endless generations, and the sparrow flying its song through the centuries. It makes the heart of the faithful dog beat true to man in all this pilgrimage up into civilization.

It is the integrity of the builder that makes the granite a cathedral; of the sculptor that makes the marble hold in an imperishable beauty the passing ideal of his heart. It is the integrity of the mechanic that makes the track faithful to the engine and the engine faithful to the track. It is the integrity of the gardner that makes the wild fruits fulfil in their larger nobleness upon the trees and vines of his care.

It is the integrity in the brain of man that meets the integrity that is in the earth, giving birth to knowledge, to invention, to civilization. Only through a truthful mind can the truth in the universe report.

To be a teacher a man must not only think true, he must speak true. Expression is essential to the fulfilment of anything. The mind is under this law, and must express itself in order to grow in power and beauty, in ability to think the truth. Anything in nature that does not keep its expression in perfect accord with itself becomes, not simply warped in the expression of it, but in itself, so that expression and what is expressing through it are alike an imperfection, a falsehood. A mind thinking the truth and speaking a warped truth, giving tongue to a whole lie, soon becomes incapacitated to speak the truth, incapacitated to think the truth, and the universe can no more report true through such a mind than a star can report true through a cracked and disfigured lense in a telescope, than a song in a musician's heart can report true through a shattered violin.

In many of the activities of man's life, this is understood, it is a necessity lived up to, compelling a loyalty to it as the price of any achievement. In religion there is not the same imperious necessity, and so there is less truth-speaking and truth-acting than in some other lines of human activity.

Religion in many of its aspects is speculation, but speculation passed into dogmatism which claims to be the truth that must be blindly believed upon peril of eternal loss. The result is that religion does not grow so as to keep pace with man's advancements. It does not, as it should, be the report of the highest truth there is in the universe, an imperious word commanding man's freest fullest loyalty. There would be a new birth of religion, an increase of its power and glory, if for one year every person teaching or professing religion, would resolve to speak nothing, to adhere to nothing but what their minds, by free inquiry, were convinced is the truth. If there was, in religion as held by men, this integrity of thought and speech, this reality which could face the everlasting righteousness, and say, "Try me, my thoughts shall not vary from my speech," it would indeed become oracular, but not as the elder oracles. It would become oracular in the ability of the universe to report itself true, having an integral medium. Extract from sermon preached in Ithaca, N. Y., by REV. J. M. SCOTT.

A Birthday Greeting.

Time touched a bud, it bloomed in to a flower;
Upon a tiny seed he lay his hand,
And forth there came a mighty tree and grand.
Beneath his wondrous wand of mystic power
Fair Spring was crowned with Summer's brilliant dower.
So may thy noble nature e'er expand
From seeds of virtue, sown with lavish hand
Into a life as lovely as the flower.
May Wisdom place her gracious hand in thine
And guide thy bark o'er life's uncertain sea;
May Hope's bright star forever o'er thee shine,
And gentle Peace thy true companion be.
An earnest wish these rugged lines confine,
And bear my birthday greetings, friend, to thee.

—*Ettie Franklin Rypins.*

"Killing" Higher Criticism.

Joy and exultation prevail in the tents of the righteous! For the one thousandth time, the much-killed "Higher Criticism" has been killed anew. Now the fourteenth chapter of Genesis has found its corroboration on a cuneiform tablet and therefore—Moses must have written our Pentateuch as it is now in our possession! This is logic with a vengeance. But ever since Prof. Sayce's book two years ago made its appearance, this tune has been sung in all the keys of the orthodox gamut. We are afraid the loudest among the heralds of the final death of criticism must not have read Prof. Sayce's book with any degree of carefulness whatever, for the professor on whose statements they pin their revived faith, speaks of the fact that certain portions of Genesis betray stronger signs of Babylonian influences than do others, clearly indicating thereby that even from his point of view, Genesis cannot be made out he work of *one* man.

As far as orthodoxy comes into question, Sayce's position is as heterodox as is that of Wellhausen or Driver. The new discovery taking it as Sayce would have us regard it, would at its utmost merely prove that Gen. xiv. is historical, but not that Moses wrote the chapter. Orthodoxy is very inconsistent in constantly appealing to "cotemporaneous" history as verifying the facts and showing the sources of sacred Scriptures. If God "inspired" the Biblical authors, He, independent as He is of cuneiform and hieroglyphic epigraphy, might have and would have imparted *His* knowledge to the writers, regardless of the existence of tablets or monuments. But if the author of Genesis xiv. had to draw his knowledge, as we do today, from some tablet or brick, how so does the finding of the inscription from which he gleaned his information, settle the question of when he lived? A writer in the sixth century B. C. certainly might have had access to the tablet as readily as one writing in the twelfth century B. C.

It seems that notwithstanding all the noise they make about this "Higher Criticism," its adversaries have never taken the pains to study thoroughly the method and matter thereof. No critic has ever denied that the authors of the Pentateuch and the other historical books have utilized old materials and traditions more or less the memory of actual occurrences. Abraham's migrations and the shrines with which his name is brought into connection are indeed the very reverse of free inventions; these sanctuaries existed even at a much later period than that to which Abraham is assigned; the movements which he personally is represented to have made, were actually those of whole tribes or sections of tribes. The biographers of the patriarch incorporated this historical material into their accounts. The discovery of a stone or cylinder corroborating this material does not settle the question when and by whom and from what religious point of view the Genesis accounts were written nor whether *one* Abraham was the central figure of the age or not!

These finds merely corroborate what the "higher" criticism has never disputed, the fact that old material was wrought over by the authors of our Biblical books in accordance with the needs of their purposes. The history of ancient Palestine of course today presents itself in a totally different light than it did a single decade ago. But the Tell-el-Amarna tablets, and all other archæological material do not either confirm or weaken the results of "higher" criticism. Sayce's argumentation from the wide spread of the art of writing in pre-Mosaic days, as attested by this diplomatic correspondence, smacks of puerility if not of wilful misrepresentation. Modern criticism is not based on the presupposed ignorance of this art in the Mosaic period. The Pentateuch *might* as far as the mere mechanical writing of the books is concerned have been written even earlier than Moses. But the contents show that the Pentateuch is a compilation, and the historical books, Judges, Samuel, Kings, show that if the Pentateuch was at all in existence before Josiah's days it had no effect upon the religious life and institutions of Israel. This fact no find in Egypt or Mesopotamia can set aside.—DR. E. G. HIRSCH in *The Reform Advocate.*

READ the inducements offered on page 752 to old subscribers and for new ones. If you want to help THE NEW UNITY and be benefited thereby yourselves, be sure to read the offers made.

A Neapolitan Legend.

Many simple legends are told among the peasants of Southern Europe, illustrating the wisdom of Jesus. Such stories are never without a moral, as the following Neapolitan legend, which we quote from the Munich *Vaterland*, will show:

"Our good Lord Jesus Christ once walked with His disciples across a stony acre, where no tree defended the wanderers against the midday sun. 'If each of you,' said the Lord, 'will take up one of these stones whenever you cross this land, the ground will soon bear rich fruits.' The diciples, anxious to please the Master, picked up stones, as many as they could carry, and the sweat ran down their brows. St. Peter alone demurred. 'Carry stones on so hot a day? Verily not I!' quoth he; and he picked up a pebble not much larger than a hen's egg. The Lord knew it well, but said nothing. At the end of the acre was a wooded hill, and here, by the side of a murmuring spring, the Lord told His disciples to rest. 'Let each place his stones before him.' St. John had carried a large piece of rock, so large that only his love for the Master could give him strength to bear the burden. By the side of this stone St. Peter's pebble looked rather ridiculous, but he did not seem to mind that. He turned to the Savior and said: 'Master, we would eat, but have no bread.' Those who work will always have bread,' answered the Lord, and He blessed the stones before Him. And behold! They were changed into loaves! All had bread in plenty, except Peter, whose portion fell out rather small, but he was too proud to beg of St. John. On the way back the disciples, without a reminder from Jesus, again picked up stones, and this time St. Peter carried the largest of all. At the other end of the acre flowed the Jordan, and Jesus said, 'Let none do good for the sake of reward. Throw your stones into the river.' Thus St. Peter fasted a whole day and learned much."—Translated for *The Literary Digest*.

THERE are few things about which more exaggerated stories are told by people who honestly mean to speak the truth than about the steepness and height of ocean waves. The excitement attending a storm at sea is so great that even the coolest observer is apt to lose his power of accurate judgment, and the waves amid which his ship is tossing and plunging impress his imagination, as if they were really "mountain high." So a person riding in a small boat on a rough sea imagines that the waves into whose trough he sinks with a sickening sense of going to the bottom, are not only of enormous height, but that their ideas resemble walls of water rather than long slopes. The truth is that it is very rare for waves at sea, even in a furious storm, to exceed thirty feet in height. In exceptional tempests they may reach sixty feet. Dr. Schott, a German savant, finds that in the trade-winds the waves average only five or six feet in height. The ordinary observe would estimate them to be at least twice as high. The harder the wind blows the faster the waves run and the steeper they become; yet they are never as steep as they seem to be. In an ordinary wind the slope of a wave is about one foot in thirty-three; in a storm it becomes one foot in seventeen or eighteen. In other words, the slope of storm waves is only ten or eleven degrees from the horizontal. The impression of the great steepness that the waves give to one in a small boat is due to the swiftness of their passage. Only a few seconds elapse while the boat is being lifted from the trough to the crest of a wave several hundred feet in length. The feeling is that of being driven up the face of a cliff of water.

COMMENTING on the amount which a spider actually consumed during twenty-four hours, Sir J. Lubbock says: "At a similar rate of consumption a man weighing 160 pounds will require a whole fat ox for breakfast, an ox and five sheep for dinner and for supper two bullocks, eight sheep and four hogs, and just before retiring nearly four barrels of fresh fish."

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid!"

Responsive Reading.

IX. Selected from Omar Kheyam, Persian Poet. A. D.

BY REV. CARLETON F. BROWN.

Diversity of worship has divided the human race into many nations. From among all their dogmas I have selected one—Divine Love.

Ye who seek holy fame, and would leave a name wreathed in light, love your neighbor, harm none!

Guard thy tongue from speaking evil, and seek not injury for any being; and then I undertake on my own account to promise thee paradise.

We do not follow men but appeal to Thee, who ever unsealest the gates of Truth.

They say that on the last day there will be settlements, and that the dear God will give himself up to wrath. But from goodness itself only good can come.

Fear not; the end shall be full of sweetness.

If because I have done ill Thou shouldst do ill to me, what were the difference between Thee and me?

We turn the prayers of the pious into happy songs.

We seek not to torment men in their dreams; we do not cause them to burden the midnight with cries—"Oh my God! Oh my God!"

Whither leads the path of destiny? He knows it—He knows it!

In mosque, in church and synagogue they have a horror of hell and a seeking of paradise; but this anxiety is never rooted in the heart that has penetrated the secret of the Most High.

Oh God! before Thy knowledge our own doth vanish.

Think not that I fear the world, nor my departure from it. That which I alone fear is not having lived well enough.

Oh! Thou, who art master of most hidden secrets! give us faith if Thou would'st have us pray.

The Monroe Doctrine Enlarged.

Not America, but Humanity.

A sermon preached at All Souls Church, Chicago, January 12, 1896.

BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

"Where there is no vision the people perish."
PROVERBS xxix: 18.

The prophets of gloom are helpful prophets. They who have foretold the doom of a people have generally proved to be the heralds of the dawn, because to recognize an evil is to go a long way towards its cure. Short range disaster makes for long range triumph, immediate defeat oftentimes contributes to permanent victory. So while believing in the ultimate triumph of right, waiting for the better day, rejoicing in the onward sweep of humanity, there is nothing gained by shutting our eyes to the ominous facts of the day or refusing to take counsel concerning the grim realities of the hour.

Just now our boasted nineteenth century, which reached a magnificent climax in the triumph of the Columbian year, more glorious in what it prophesied concerning the future than in what it celebrated in the history of the past, is settling into darkness and threatens to go out in gloom. There seems to be a decadence, a collapse more or less sudden in the ideals and ambitions of mankind. Has the century outreached itself, grasped for ideals too high to be realized, or has it filled up the measure of an old inspiration and is it waiting for new breezes from heaven to fill its sails and bear humanity onward to still more noble fruition and more abundant triumphs? I believe that this latter is the fact, and so I ask you to study with me so much of the situation at the present time as may help us catch a glimpse of the higher remedy.

Certainly we all agree that things are bad enough at the present time, spite of all the triumph of the century in art, science and literature, notwithstanding the boasted growth of liberality in religion and the unquestioned disintegration of dogma and amelioration of the dogmatic spirit. Here we are to-day with private business uncertain and halting. Men of wealth as well as men of toil are beset with anxiety and oppressed with care, burdened with want, each of his own kind. In municipal affairs, notwithstanding our civic federations, municipal reform meetings and bold talk from behind banquet tables and pulpits, there is the most shameless exhibit of dishonest uses of public position for private gain; the people's rights are bought and sold with an open cheerfulness, a roystering hilarity that reminds us of the buccaneers and the robber barons of feudal ages, while the nations of the world seem ready to spring at each others' throats or to waive the obvious claims of humanity, postpone the enforcement of justice and right lest they lose the movement of a pawn on the political chess-board.

All this proves, not that the world is running down, but that it has outgrown its old ideals, has filled up the measure of the barbaric rooted standards of the past. The banner wavers, waiting fresh hands and new zeal to bear it onward that humanity may have something again to strive for, something worthy, if need be, to die for. The truth is, that the era prophesied by Herbert Spencer has come, when the transitional ethics of war must give way to the permanent ethics of peace and the temporary standards of selfishness for the individual or for the nation must give way to universal standards. In religion the "kingdom of the Christ," theologically interpreted, ecclesiastically expressed, must give way to the kingdom of humanity interpreted in terms of universal brotherhood. The practical maxims of trade which have obtained thus far, such as "get all you can and keep all you get," "buy at the cheapest and sell at the highest markets of the world,"—that is, under-buy and over-sell, with competition unlimited and unqualified,—are breaking down. A science of sociology has arisen in these days to prove that such principles are self-defeating and that the maxim, "get all you can and hold all you get," cannot be applied to private business or to national policies without serious modifications and limits. In state-craft the whole fabric of government based upon conquest, the right to rule by divine appointment or royal descent, is known to be factitious. The world has got about as far along as it can get on that principle. The individual soul and the race have been helped about as much as they can be by ideals enforced by supernatural claims of the state or religion whose sanctions are supermundane and supernatural. The appeal of religion must be not to race pride or prejudice, not to provincial prophet or savior, but to man as man and to humanity as a whole.

We have been hearing much of the "Monroe Doctrine" of late. It has been appealed to by the president of the United States in a way to call forth prompt and enthusiastic endorsement by the citizens of the United States. I for one recognize in the enthusiasm which it has aroused, a hopeful and not a discouraging sign. It indicates that there is still an ideality in the hearts of the American people which may yet be successfully appealed to. It indicates that the fires of freedom still burn though the flame is low

and smoulders under the ashes of commercialism and partisanship. It shows that the sympathies of the United States at least can be aroused for the weaker side, that the under dog in the fight has a friend at court in the council chambers of the United States. The proud, imperial, majestic England, the most magnificent power on the face of the earth, all things considered, must play fair, must be considerate and take what is right and not what it can, even from so humble, insecure, unimportant and incompetent a little state as Venezuela, a half-organized contingency of half-breeds of degenerate races, if she would not defy the outraged conscience of the world. I do not believe that either the messages of President Cleveland or the prompt response thereto were born out of bluster, buncombe or lack of appreciation of England's power and worth, or of a restless desire for excitement and a periodic lapse into blood-thirstiness. This prompt movement of spirit shows how the people of to-day languish for want of a worthy motive in life, how they are perishing for want of vision, how ready they are to serve an ideal and to champion a disinterested cause.

The trouble is they have been caught in the inadequate reading of the Monroe Doctrine, which like every doctrine becomes a fetich and a dogma if it does not find restatement for every growing age. The Sermon on the Mount has to be brought down to date, applied to living questions and present issues else it becomes a fetich and amulet no more potent than the talisman or lucky-stone which the Hottentot carries about his neck. Seventy-five years ago, when President Monroe issued his manifesto, Russia, Prussia and Austria, representing more than one-half of the territory of Europe, formed an unholy alliance which they called the "Holy Alliance" in the interests of absolute monarchy and for the suppression of republican movements. At that time the American continent was the hope of republicanism. Then it was that President Monroe declared in his message to congress that the continents of North and South America were no longer open to colonization by European powers and that any European attempt to interfere with and overthrow any American government would be resented by the United States. It was a magnificent proclamation then, a timely challenge, which John Fiske tells us "in the European money market was considered equivalent to a decisive victory for the Spanish-American states, for their funds rose in value at once." The next year Russia made a treaty with the United States in which it abandoned all claim to the Pacific coast south of the southern limit of Alaska. Monroe was equal to the occasion, he faced the problems of his own time in the right spirit. But many things have happened since 1823, nearly three-quarters of a century of momentous history has been written. This old world has swung into the light since then, democracy, the grim venture of the American continent at that time has since become the hope of the world. There is not now a crown in Europe but is an expensive trinket, the wearer of which knows that it is tinsel worn by the indulgence of the loving constitutents rather than by any right vouch-safed from on high. The center of republicanism today is not in America, but it is somewhere in the heart of Europe. England to-day is more democratic than was the United States of 1823, possibly more so than the United States of 1896. The doctrine of the "divine right of kings" has been relegated to the lumber room of human history. It lies there with the black magic, the philosopher's stone, the medicine-man trumpery and other broken toys gathered from the nursery of the human race, valuable and interesting only to the archæologist. I do not deny the power of those who still wear the trinket, or that the race is still lured with childhood toys.

But crowns, be they made of gold, iron or paper, let them be worn by the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Germany or the comfortable old lady at Windsor palace, are bound to go, whether in the twentieth or the thirtieth century it matters not. They have got to go. The hope of humanity is in republicanism, the destiny of the world is linked with democracy. The governing must ultimately derive their rights from the governed alone. The Monroe Doctrine, so far as the western continent is concerned, is a last year's bird's-nest. The eggs have been hatched and the birds are flown. The "New World" of the twentieth century is not America, North or South, but Africa, that mighty mystery land with its fathomless forests, its unexplored valleys of measureless fertility, its suggestions of exhaustless mines, its peculiarly plastic aborigines with strange suggestions of power, the native blood out of which sprang Toussaint L'Ouverture, Frederick Douglass and some strains of the Dumas father and son. This land with only a population of fourteen inhabitants to the square mile while Europe has its ninety-four to the square mile; this land which cradled and buried the oldest civilization, that from which the civilization of Europe and America directly sprang, is the coming battle-ground of republicanism. It is the coming hope of progress. There more than in South America is the hope of liberty. The Monroe Doctrine brought down to date is the doctrine that nowhere on this round footstool should a people, however weak and incompetent to defend their rights on battlefield, be intimidated by power of arms and be dispossessed of their lands and their liberties by the arrogance of a foreign nation. The Monroe Doctrine brought down to date is the older principle of the Declaration of Independence made universal, that no government is valid or honorable save that which is brought about by the consent of the governed, and this doctrine is no American discovery; it is as old as the law of equity, and finds its utterance in the teachings of Plato and of Jesus, Moses and Confucius, the prophetic words and lives of earth's noblest everywhere and always. This Monroe Doctrine brought down to date waits not now for a national but for an international utterance. Monroe carried the implication of military enforcement of his doctrine, but the new statement of that doctrine by a president not far distant,—would that his name might have been Grover Cleveland,—will try to enforce this universal claim of democracy, not by the obsolete methods of war but by the divine methods of love. Let the arrogant nation which still thinks the world will honor the power of might be confronted by the more intimidating and the more awful terrors of an indignant international conscience, the blighting calamities of withheld confidences, obstructed commerce and outraged intelligence. These are coming to be the methods to settle international disputes. Already the men of letters and of science have been heard from in England in protest against the arbitrament of the sword in the case of the Venezuela trouble, and there are intimations that the Rothschilds, the moneyed power of Europe, have said,—"If you are going to destroy human property and take away human lives, you must find your money elsewhere."

You cannot turn the laugh on this prophetic call at the close of the nineteenth century by an appeal to history, nor yet by a gradgrind appeal to "facts." I know that monarchy has always been potent. I recognize the granite-like solidity of the European powers, but the little rill digs the mighty cañon and bores through mountainous obstructions; so the little rill of republicanism will work its way through armies and under thrones until it makes an ocean that will either swamp the war-ships of the world or anchor them where they will rot in out-of-the-way waters. This is not to be done by war, but by intelligence and the sense of equity, by the international conscience of the civilized world. Government must be based on the consent of the governed, and all other governments, however stately or wealthy, will fall to the ground. The attempt to civilize any part of the world by changing governments from the without, is one of the absurdities that will go with standing armies. What though a petty population of two hundred and fifty or three hundred thousand Englishmen presumes to govern as many millions of Hindus, the hope of India is in the Hindu and the interest and attention of the world is centered upon the native population, notwithstanding the costly, pretentious, sometimes admirable but all the time cruel and arrogant because arbitrary government that now obtains in so-called British India. We need a new ideal in state-craft. We need a new word and that has been given us by the humble craftsmen of the nineteeth century. The word is "Internationalism." Up to this time it has been a dreaded and hated word in Europe because it was first made current by the international organization of laboring men, and crowned heads instinctively felt that for labor to come into consciousness, for the industrial classes to know their power, was the beginning of the end of transmitted aristocracy, inherited nobility, monarchical government. Internationalism means an end of war. Why fortify our ports? Why put three or four million dollars into a warship? Let the foreign powers come, let England land her army at New York and Russia land another at San Francisco. Let these armies burn a half dozen State houses; let them devastate our public buildings. Our people will move inland. If we had faith enough in our principle, if we were armed with the panoply of justice and of love, we would meet them not with guns but with corn and milk. We would mourn over the lives they destroy which we could not bring back by destroying other lives. But how short and cheap would such a war be. How soon would our enemies be ashamed and sick of their bargain. Both armies would sneak home begging the pardon of the outraged world. The questions of state-craft are complicated, but one thing is sure, no permanent success can come to any nation which does not enhance the well-being of all nations. The Transvaal is not so far from Chicago to-day as the Carolinas were from Maine in 1825. Armenia is a part of America today when it suffers wrong, and its wrongs are not to be vindicated by perpetuating other wrongs. You cannot wipe away the cruelties and barbarities rooted in centuries of ignorance, political tyranny and religious prejudice by wiping away a government. Why this clamor to wipe out Turkey? Because inside of Turkey there is cruelty, tyranny, assassination and pitiable massacre? What great flag floats in the breeze to-day that is not thus humiliated? Horrible cruelties have been and are perpetrated under our own stars and stripes. What infamy in government and under government has not the British flag waved over? Are we to ask Russia or England to rush in and enforce a foreign rule and a foreign religion upon 32,000,000, people, nearly 5,000,000 of whom are in Turkey in Europe? Pitiable is the

situation of the Armenians, though it is hard to know the actual situation for we have but few of the facts and they are all on one side. But it is beyond question that at the base of these barbarities lie mutual animosities, centuries of bitter religious sentiments and hatreds born out of bigotry and unwarranted claims to divine authority on both sides. A religion intensely monotheistic, severely simple in its ritual, magnifying the principle of temperance to an extent which the Christian world has never reached, a religion in many respects remarkably humane towards animals, democratic in the extreme, has been badgered and nagged, misinterpreted and browbeaten by an aggressive Trinitarianism which seems very like Tri-theism, which has arrogated to itself the power of saving the world through sanguinary vicariousness. There have been bitter hatreds, mutual cruelties, and the balance of meanness on the powerful side follows. Still in the main, through nearly a thousand years of history in that part of the world, Mohammedanism has been perhaps as tolerant to Christianity as Christianity has been to Mohammedanism. The Armenians have not always been the meek and lowly. To-day not all of them are down-trodden peasants, but some of them are the merchant princes, the capitalist class, quarreling among themselves as well as with their neighbors. American denominations have been sending missionaries among them to convert the believers in the ancient Armenian Christianity to a modern orthodox Christianity with questionable results. I say this not to divert sympathy from the suffering or to excuse the atrocities of the Turks, but in the interests of justice to all parties concerned and to commend the high sanity of that prophetic voice that speaks for the twentieth century, through Clara Barton. Recently she spoke the sanest words on this Armenian question that have been heard in Chicago, when she said, "If we go to Turkey, we carry there no prejudice of race, sect or religion. Humanity alone commands us. Turkey too is a red-cross nation." At another time, in the same spirit, she said, "I will not pass over the prostrate body of a Turk to give relief to a suffering Armenian," a saying golden and to be remembered. And one authority says she will find two starving Turks for every starving Armenian. I would not make indiscriminating war against Turkey any more than indiscriminating war against Russia or England, but I would do all in my power to bring the humane forces of the world to shame England, Russia, Turkey and all the rest of the world into that comity which becomes brothers when they deal with brothers.

The gallant General Howard, at the meeting already referred to at Central Music Hall, proposed to march at the head of thirty thousand soldiers through Turkey to the relief of Armenia. The general is a brave and experienced warrior. He probably could do it, but give to Clara Barton one thousandth part of that force and one thousandth part of the cost of such an army, and she too will march through Turkey to the relief of Armenia, leaving in the trail of her corps of thirty not the black desolation of war, but the blooming lilies and the fragrant roses of love and peace.

Friends, the political ideals of the past are worn out, they have lost the power of inspiration and men degenerate under them. They cannot hold us to the standards they once did because the world has ceased to believe in them. Monarchy, the rights of conquest, armed neutralities, standing armies, national rivalries, no longer command the enthusiasm of the world, no longer direct its energies. Internationalism in art, commerce, finance and religion is possible only in a tendency towards democracy, a democracy that will girdle the world. That is what we are coming to, that is the Monroe Doctrine brought down to date. Here is a task for statesmen, here is a call for diplomacy. Hail, president, congress, or people that dare issue the Monroe manifesto for 1896 and then dare work and wait for it. The time has come when no standard of money that is not international can be trusted or efficient. No standards of trade or revenue that do not look towards the protection of the world's rights and that do not tend to increase the wealth of the world, can much help any part of that world.

My time is too far gone to say much of the religion that is to be the counterpart of this cosmopolitanism in politics. There is no need of saying much. There is an unquestioned decadence in religious enthusiasm on the old lines. The words "Methodist," "Presbyterian," "Baptist," "Universalist," "Unitarian," "Catholic," have lost their inspiration to millions of human beings whom they once satisfied and enkindled, aye, the words "Christianity," "Buddhism," "Judaism" and "Mohammedanism," have ceased to inspire many whom once they filled with a divine frenzy. An enthusiastic Orientalist who came to attend the Parliament of Religions and stayed for a while with us to do missionary work for his ancient faith, writes back from his Indian home: "I find things look different after my return to what they did before I left for America." And they always will look different to him. How many grateful Americans would like to send back the cheering word to this brother, "Things look different to us since you and your associates came among us." He and his responders may take heart and say with Fedalma in George Eliot's poem, "My soul can never shrink back into the old bliss; my heart has grown too big with things that ought to be."

There is nobility in the pride of family, to be able to say "I am a McDonald and where McDonald sits is the head of the table." There is still greater nobility in the pride of nations. Happy he who can proudly say, "I am an Englishman and the glory of the Yorks or the Lancasters is mine," or "I am a German; my heart keeps time with the tramp of the valiant cohorts of the Fatherland"; or still better, as we would think, to be able to say, "I am an American; for me did the Continentals die, and for me and mine did the cause of liberty triumph at Appomattox." Nobler yet is the pride of faith, the joy of religious inheritance. Happy is he who devoutly travels through weary months across desert wastes that he may kiss the Kaaba at Mecca and say, "I am a faithful pilgrim, I belong to the household of Mohammed." Happy is he who can say in the face of obloquy, cruelty and ages of ostracism, "I am a Jew, of the faith of Moses, of the household of Isaiah." Noble is he who with pride and consistency can say, "I am a Christian, a disciple of the meek and lowly," or "I follow the more ancient prophet of kindness; I belong to the household of Prince Siddartha, I am a follower of the lowly Buddha, who 'made Asia mild.'" But, friends, nobler than the pride of nation or of peculiar religion, is the cosmic pride of one who feels that he himself is the son of God, the child of the universe, the heir of all the ages. There are those on whose lips these smaller claims falter, the words gag them because of the nobler pride that says, "I am a man; to me nothing is foreign that is human. I am with all those but not of any one of them because I am for all of them."

Republicanism for the world is the next bugle cry in state-craft. Politics must bloom into cosmopolitanism. So universality is the next inspiration in religion, nothing smaller than humanity, an enthusiasm for the betterment of the world which will satisfy the religious world of men. For want of these visions the people perish. Internationalism, fraternity, universal justice and democratic rule for all, this must become the direct aim of the governments of of the world; and faith in universal religion, which appeals to men as men, not to men as Jews or Christians, still less to the Christian as Presbyterian or Unitarian or Catholic. This love of God that is expressed in the love of men, all men, every soul however benighted or besotted, because it too is the depository of great accumulation and the possibility of great good, is the only faith that can fill the growing hearts of fully developed men.

These ideals have power to thrill us, they are potent. How can we foster them and bring them to bear upon the darkening life of to-day? A hundred years ago the great Goethe said, in his "Wilhelm Meister," "A democratic form of government is the only one which commands the respect of intelligent people"; and so he made the hero of his story, Wilhelm Meister, organize his little troupe of actors on the democratic plan, that of universal suffrage of men and women, thinking that the way to begin was to begin at home and with small organizations. We must begin at home by accepting so much of poverty as integrity necessitates, so much of simplicity as democracy and reason demand, so much of obscurity and ostracism as religious sincerity imposes. We cannot ally ourselves to these high ideals and at the same time seek the wealth of robber barons by the methods of such barons. We cannot know the inspirations of democracy while affecting the parade and indulging in the extravagance of aristocracy. We cannot know the inspirations of universal religion while still mumbling the phrases and wearing the badges of sectarian faiths and fame. American democracy has been undermined in the drawing room while it was being builded up in the council chambers of the world. The protest recently made by Senator Hill is timely, spite of the sneers of the papers and the parryings of the women. It is sadly true that balls, dinners, receptions and the complicated paraphernalia of what is called "society," do greatly interfere with the serenity, the diligence and the earnestness of those upon whom the fate of the nations hangs. One would almost echo the senators' wish that the women would clear out of Washington that Congress might have time to attend to business. It is not enough for women to parry this thrust by the arguments "You're another"; "If you did not dissipate our way you would dissipate your way." We will not weaken the needed protest by the absurd request that they leave town, but we will deepen it by demanding that they should stay there, and help reform the absurd extravagances among men and women which do lead to corruption and degradation in private morals, in public affairs and in the blurring of ideals without which the people perish. There is no place now any more than in the times of Isaiah in the ideal democracy for which we and he stand, for the woman whom a brother minister recently characterized as "a peripatetic jewelry store," whom Isaiah describes as

"The haughty daughter of Zion, who walks forth with stretched neck, mincing as she goes, making a tinkling with her feet. In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their anklets, and the cauls, and the crescents; the pendants, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the headtires, and the ankle chains and the sashes, and the perfume boxes, and the amulets; the rings, and the nose jewels, the festival robes, and the mantels, and the shawls and the satchels, the hand mirrors, and the fine

linen, and the turbans, and the veils. And it shall come to pass that instead of sweet spices there shall be rottenness; and instead of a girdle a rope; and instead of well set hair baldness; and instead of a stomacher a girding of sackcloth; branding instead of beauty. The men shall fall by the sword, and thy mighty in the war. And her gates shall lament and mourn, and she shall be desolate and sit upon the ground."

When General Grant's transports made the famous run under the batteries of Vicksburg and successfully passed four miles of mounted batteries, it was probably because that night many of the officials of Vicksburg, serene in the sense of the Gibraltar-like safety of their position, were in attendance at an officers' ball up town, and before they were at their post, the gauntlet was well nigh run.

Friends, we are now on the eve of another and a greater crisis than that of Waterloo.

"There is a sound of revelry by night,
The lamps shine o'er fair women and brave men,
And everything goes merry as a marriage bell."

Now while there is coming nearer and nearer the ominous tramp, may we hear it in time that our earth may not

"Be covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover heaped and pent.
Rider and horse—friend, foe, in one red burial blent."

Let us cultivate simplicity in our daily lives in defiance of the mad, shallow, vulgar parade of republican America aping the debilitated habits of aristocratic Europe.

But I must not seem to justify the injustice of Senator Hill's imputation. Let him look at home and reform senators as well as senators' wives. If women wear jewels it is the men that buy them and pay for them, oftentimes with money which is other people's dues. When in the face of the hard times our jewelers boast of unparalleled holiday trade; when holy causes languish for want of the pittance denied them by men whose club bills are sumptuous; when the wine bills so often outreach the church subscriptions and the saloons represent the most if not the only prosperous industry in the city, and when we remember that their traffic is almost exclusively masculine, we say men need with women to learn the shame of extravagance and the disgrace of dissipation. Only by beginning here can we begin to build up a democracy that will last and lay the foundations of a religion that will save and inspire in the sincerity that is sweet and simple. This protest belongs to the larger statement. Democracy means a form of life as well as a form of thought. We must stop mumbling, we must stop pretending; we must discriminate between dogmatism and conviction, bigotry and aspiration; as republicans we must believe in republicanism not for America alone but for the whole earth, demand it for the whole world. Above ally we must live it ourselves if we are to ask the nations of the world to join us one by one in asking it for poor, striving, uprising humanity everywhere. When a nation dares appeal to the old arbitrament of battle or found its claims of right on might, then let it be punished by loving persuasion and not by trying to meet it with bullet and steel. Let the weight of God's great curse fall upon it in the way of the endless shame and the deathless gnawings of conscience.

Crowns have had their day! Warships and battlements will soon have had theirs, but there abide the imperishable inspirations of these undying ideals that seek to make the world a happy home for all peoples who have common interests though diverse industries, a common spirit though differing forms. To work for this alone will redeem our evil time. What we need is vision, still more, vision, and again, vision.

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The Home

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way."

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—If perfect love casteth out fear, perfect faith casteth out sorrow.

Mon.—That is not love for any mortal which stops short of the unseen.

Tues.—I never meet a man but to inquire my way.

Wed.—Keep your conscience in your closet for a probe, not unsheathe it as a sword.

Thurs.—Let us not grasp at the treasure God hides, but be patient till he gives it to us in his own way.

Fri.—What we call the progress of society may hinder as much as it furthers the soul.

Sat.—Freedom is of no worth save to express truth, and conform to the divine order.

—*C. A. Bartol.*

One of God's Little Heroes.

The patter of feet was on the stair,
As the editor turned in his sanctum chair,
And said—for weary the day had been—
"Don't let another intruder in."

But scarce had he uttered the words, before
A face peeped in at the half-closed door,
And a child sobbed out: "Sir, mother said
I should come and tell you that Dan is dead."

"And pray who is 'Dan'?" The streaming eyes
Looked questioning up with a strange surprise:
"Not know him? Why, sir, all day he sold
The papers you print, through wet and cold.

"The newsboys say that they cannot tell
The reason his stock went off so well:
I knew!—with his voice so sweet and low,
Could any one bear to say him 'No'?

"And the money he made, whatever it be,
He carried straight home to mother and me.
No matter about his rags, he said,
If only he kept us clothed and fed.

"And he did it, sir, trudging through rain and cold,
Nor stopped till the last of his sheets was sold,
But he's dead—he's dead! and we miss him so!
And mother—she thought you might like to know."

In the paper next morning, as "leader," ran
A paragraph thus: "The newsboy, Dan,
One of God's little heroes, who
Did nobly the duty he had to do—
For mother and sister earning bread,
By patient endurance and toil—is dead."

—*Margaret J. Preston.*

Two Little Men.

I met them this summer. I shall always remember them, for they were such manly boys. One was six and the other nine; they were brothers. We will call them Ted and Tod, because those were not their names. Ted was the older brother, and he was just the right kind of an older brother to have. He took care of the younger brother, but I doubt if the younger brother knew it. The boys were strong, sturdy boys, and one seemed as able to do things as the other. The younger one insisted on trying at least to do what the older brother did. The only real difference was that Tod had to go to bed earlier than Ted, and he rebelled.

One evening Ted and Tod had come up to the big house, where there were a number of other children, to dance. They had danced the minuet and the lanciers and the "two-step," and finished with the Virginia reel. Ted began to appear restless, and then he came to me and whispered: "Mamma said I might go down to the Casino when the others went down, but she did not want Tod to know it, for he would want to go, and she wanted him to come home. Will you watch him and send him home at eight?"

Just then Tod came up, his eyes shining and his cheeks red. "Ted, are you going to the Casino?" he asked. A look of distress passed over Ted's face; he did not answer. "Say, Ted, are you?" persisted Tod.

The color sprang over Ted's face as he answered:

"Yes, Tod, I'm going."

"So am I," announced Tod, with flashing eyes and redder cheeks. Ted looked distressed, and then, putting both arms around Tod's neck, he pleaded with Tod, saying: "I'm sorry I had to tell you, Tod; I knew you would want to go, but mamma said you were too little a chap to stay up till nine o'clock. She said I was to try to get away without your knowing it, and I was going to try. I asked her to let you go, Tod, honest, but she said 'no.'"

"I am going," persisted Tod, with very red cheeks.

"Well, I'm awful sorry I had to tell you, Tod. Now you are going to make a row, and that's nasty. I won't go, Tod, but I don't think it's fair. I am three years older than you are, and if you were three years older than me you would not think me a very fair fellow if I didn't remember it sometimes. I don't often tell you of it, Tod." Tod looked ashamed. He was struggling. "I won't go, Tod; I hate rows up here among all the people," and Ted's eyes were very watery. Tod looked at him. "Ted, I won't go; you go, Ted. I'll go home."

Now you know why I call these boys little men.—*The Outlook.*

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.—The teacher of a primary school in the mission read "The Old Oaken Bucket" to the little tots, and explained it to them very carefully, says the San Francisco *Post*. Then she asked them to copy the first stanza from the blackboard, and illustrate them as the artists illustrate a story in the daily papers. One little girl handed in her verse with several little dots between two of the lines, a circle, half a dozen dots and three buckets.

"Lizzie, I don't understand this," said the teacher. "What is that circle?"

"Oh, that's the well."

"And why have you three buckets?"

"One is the oaken bucket, one is the iron-bound bucket, and the other is the bucket that hung in the well."

"Then what are those little dots?"

"Why, those are the loved spots which my infancy knew."—*The Outlook.*

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The Liberal Field.

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Chicago, Ill.

ALL SOULS CHURCH held its thirteenth annual meeting on Jan. 8, with the usual large and enthusiastic attendance. After the annual supper the different departments made their reports. There were thirty-two of these departments in all, so that each one of them had to be exceedingly brief, but the compact little statements showed how many-sided and inspiring were the activities of the church, from the Browning study class down to the "Old Clothes Closet," and the Helen Heath Settlement of the charitable section. The latter branch of church work already has a building in the heart of Chicago poverty, with resident helpers to consult with the poor and advise and help when help is needful and possible. A kindergarten for the children at that point is already started and a creche planned. The total amount of money accounted as raised for use in various ways during the whole year was $11,379, but the amount of moral and spiritual energy raised for the use of humanity during the year by the activity of this throbbing church is something that no treasurer's account can more than suggest. We have often thought that the careful study of such a church as this and at least one year's work with it ought to be required of any young man who wishes to fit himself for effectual work in helping humanity upwards, at the close of the 19th century. Such a study would be much more efficacious than that of the Greek and Hebrew and Christian theology of our theological schools.

THE THIRD UNITARIAN Church held its annual meeting on the second Monday of January. Although this date was the thirteenth of the month and the meeting the thirteenth year of Mr. Blake's ministry, it had no appearance of being an "unlucky" meeting. There was a goodly number who seated themselves at the hospitable tables. After the supper Mr. Blake made his report orally, bearing testimony to the faithful work done by all the departments of the church, and especially commending the music and the excellent organist, Mr. Hughes. Later in the evening he reminded the society of the good which their cordial and inspiring reception of the Western Conference at its annual meeting last May did to the liberal work of the west—a good the magnitude of which cannot yet be adequately realized. The reports of the other departments followed, showing faithful and successful work in all directions. After the reports Mr. Marshall was re-elected secretary and treasurer, and Mr. Wanzer was chosen to succeed himself as one of the two trustees, Mr. Wilder being the other member. The meeting especially impressed the casual visitor by the tender affection and warm home feeling the different speakers seemed to have for each other and for their minister, and there seemed a brave hopefulness regarding their work in spite of the small numbers in the different organizations.

Palo Alto, Cal.

For some time past meetings have been held weekly in this university town, under the leadership of Mrs. Wilkes. On Sunday, the 12th inst., those interested in these meetings organized the Unity Society of Palo Alto. Professor Hoskins was elected president. The meeting was quite largely attended, and it is expected that many more will be attracted to future meetings, now that definite organization has been effected. The society is in a prosperous condition and expects soon to own a good building lot and the chapel to be erected thereon. It is hoped that Mrs. Wilkes may find it possible to remain with us. W. L. ADAMS, *Sec'y.*

Quincy, Ill.

The annual meeting of the Unitarian society was held Wednesday evening, with Dr. Joseph Robbins in the chair. The trustees—George M. Janes, C. H. Williamson and Julius Kespohl, Jr.—made their report. The treasurer, Mr. Frank C. Parker, made his report, showing the receipts for the past year to be $3,791.39, and the disbursements $3,765.03, leaving a balance of $26.36. The nominations for officers of the Sunday school were presented and the following were elected: Superintendent, The Pastor; assistant superintendent, Lyman McCarl. The total enrollment of teachers and scholars is 110.

The following communication from Dr. Bradley was then read:

"To Messrs. Janes, Williamson and Kespohl, trustees:

By the terms of the contract between the church and myself either party may terminate it whenever there shall seem valid reasons for doing so.

The time has come when for the good of the church the contract must be dissolved. I announce that my work will close Jan. 1, 1896. I greatly regret that this step is inevitable. As churches go, considering that this is not an age of thoughtfulness, it has been my privilege to minister for nearly nine years to a congregation of exceptional intelligence and character. My relations with the people have been most cordial, and I think mentally helpful, and I have been accorded a wide freedom in the pursuits of my work. But our desires are of no avail in the face of the implacable economic laws in which institutions, no less than men, have to depend for subsistence.

The church must increase its financial ability to maintain the healthy energy of its functions. The congregation must grow as it has not done and the enthusiasm of the congregation must be awakened. These ends cannot be accomplished under the present administration. My voice is old. It cannot draw the many who wish a dainty and appetizing diet. My methods are old; they have lost all power to awaken inspiration and enthusiasm. By nature's beneficent law of change, the new voice and the new methods are called for.

It is because you are quite as well aware of the situation as I am that I take upon myself the responsibility of severing the relations thereby relieving you of the embarrassment of having to act in a case in which your judgment might conflict with your desire.

Your pulpit is vacant. I am not a factor in your problem. The way is open to you to place for your future without obstruction according to the best light you can obtain.

Faithfully yours,
C. F. BRADLEY.

Quincy, Ill., Dec. 25, 1895."

After the communication had been read the meeting unanimously adopted a motion to appoint a committee to urge Dr. Bradley to withdraw his resignation, and Messrs. C. H. Williamson, Dr. R. Woods and Mrs. George Wells were named as the committee.—*The Whig.*

The decision of the Rev. Chas. F. Bradley, in response to the unanimous request of his people, to recall his resignation and remain with the Unitarian society in this city, is a matter for congratulation not only for all lovers of profound thought, but for all admirers of absolute intellectual integrity and openness. A man of reverent mind and high purposes, his simple, straightforward, and sometimes startling unfolding of his progressive thought through the nine years of his ministry here, has won the confidence and regard of his people to a degree that they did not realize until their was a prospect of losing him. The revelation on both sides is likely to be an inspiration to all, and the parent of a new enthusiasm and devotion in the pursuit of their better defined aims and more thoroughly appreciated responsibilities. The gratification that his powerful thought and example are not to be lost to our city will be by no means bounded by parish or denominational lines.—*The Optic.*

Racine, Wis.

The senior editor of the *New Unity* visited

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this city last week and gave his lecture on the "Parliament of Religion and What Next?" at the church of the Good Shepherd, which under the energetic management of A. C. Grier is in full tide of success. The new church of two years ago has been so enlarged that it is practically a new church, admirable in its arrangements and artistic in its proportions. Right across the way rises in noble proportions of a magnificent new High School Building, the direction of which is in charge of Prof. Volland, another member of the Unity household. Mr. Grier, in addition to the work in Racine, is "Pastor at Large" for all the Universalist churches in Wisconsin, and under his vigorous and generous management this brotherhood is probably in a more healthy condition in the state of Wisconsin than it has been for many years. He is working on generous lines and one day he and his constituents will realize how much wider is the fellowship in which they work than that rimed about by their denominational name, and they will be glad to reach hands over the fence and ultimately to join with their neighbors in pulling the fence down and work together for the Universal without the "ist."

Sterling, Ill.

The People's Church of this city has decided to postpone its services for the next two or three months, while Mr. Baker is recovering from his accident. It was thought that the interests of the society would not suffer much, and in this way all of its funds and time could be devoted to the care of its minister, whose condition still is so critical as to absorb the thoughts of all his people. Later in the year, when he is wholly out of danger, it is hoped services may be held occasionally.

The Study Table

VENTILATION OF SCHOOL BUILDINGS. Published by D. Appleton & Co. New York City.

Among the International Education Series of books edited by Wm. T. Harris and published by Appleton the above is one of those that does not belong solely in the hands of teachers and experts. It is a complete scientific, but easily comprehensible, survey of the whole system of ventilation; and applicable to all sorts of buildings. It has been said that we all finally are poisoned to death. There is a real truth in this. Bad air is as deadly poison as arsenic. The gases shut into our houses slowly undermine the robust, and quickly kill off the sensitive. But in our school-houses the evil is also a deadening of brain, and a stupor of the intellectual faculties. We know a really good book when we find it; and this is all of that. Not only are the evils pointed out, but the remedy made plain. Use the expense of your next five cigars in getting this book; and then study it.

E. P. P.

THE ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY for January is a particularly timely number, being devoted in the main to the policy of the United States in its dealings with the other Americas. Prof. L. M. Keasbey, of Bryn Mawr College, writes of the "Nicaragua Canal and the Monroe Doctrine," Mr. J. W. Miller, a New York engineer who speaks from personal observation, tells of the "Advantages of the Nicaragua Route," and Prof. Emory R. Johnson, of the University of Pennsylvania, writes of the "Nicaragua Canal and the Economic Development of the United States." The proceedings of the academy and a list of the papers presented in 1894 are also published, together with several "briefer communications," books reviews, notes on municipal government, sociological

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notes and personal notes. Dr. Roland P. Falkner, formerly associate editor, assumes the chief editorship of the magazine with this first number of the new volume, changing places with Prof. Edmund R. James, the president of the Academy, whose call to the professorship of Public Administration and the Directorship of the University Extension Department in the University of Chicago, has led him to resign the chief editorship of the publication with which he has been so long identified. As a supplement to this number of the Annals appears a monograph of some 150 pages, by Professor S. N. Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania, on "The Theory of Social Forces," of which a review may be looked for in THE NEW UNITY in the course of a few weeks.

PROFESSOR SAYCE'S book on "The Egypt of the Hebrews and Herodotus," has just been published. The travels of Herodotus in Egypt are followed for the first time in the light of recent discoveries.

D. C. HEATH & Co., Boston, have in press for immediate issue in "Heath's Modern Language Series," Augier's "Le Gendre de M. Poirier," edited with introduction and notes by Professor B. W. Wells of the University of the South. No contemporary dramatist has a loftier conception of his vocation than Augier. He leaves on the mind the impression of serious humor and keen irony that compels respect, together with a robust honesty and sound moral loyalty that inspires love. This comedy is one of his masterpieces and has been styled "the model of the modern comedy of manners."

THE January issues of the Riverside Literature Series, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, New York, and Chicago, are [No. 89] Gulliver's Voyage to Lilliput, and [No. 90] Gulliver's Voyage to Brobdingnag. These books are published in paper at 15 cents each, and are also bound together in one volume in cloth covers, at 40 cents. That these famous travels of Lemuel Gulliver may be presented in the most interesting form for young people for their libraries at home and at school, and for their school reading books, the publishers have added several most attractive features which have never before appeared in the inexpensive editions of Gulliver's Travels: a reproduction of the portrait of Lemuel Gulliver, and maps showing the pretended location of the countries which the immortal traveler visited in his first two voyages. The two "Voyages" are given in unabridged form from a reliable text, the only omissions being such as are required to make them fit for class use.

THE installment of Mr. David A. Wells' "Principles of Taxation," to appear in *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly* for February, will contain descriptions of the tax systems of China and Japan, and will show that, although taxation has prompted many of the most dramatic incidents and important movements of history, only two or three works have been devoted to this subject, and hardly any use has been made of it in literature.

HENRY M. STANLEY, in an article on the "Development of Africa," which is to appear in the February *Century*, recalls the fact that troubles with the Boers in southern Africa first induced David Livingstone to travel to the north, and so led the way to the opening of Equatorial Africa. Livingstone, who was a missionary at Kolobeng, accused his Boer neighbors of cruelty to the natives. They resented his interference, and threatened to drive him from the country. He published their misdeeds in the Cape newspapers, and his house was burned in revenge. This led to his leaving southern

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COLD bedrooms and overheated living rooms are mentioned among the principal causes of "catching cold," in an article by Dr. A. K. Bond, in the January number of *Babyhood.* The practical question of how to treat a cold in young children is instructively discussed by the same writer. The "Nursery Helps and Novelties" in this number, and the department of "Baby's Wardrobe," contain many useful hints and suggestions to busy young mothers. The article on "The Reformed Nurse Girl" advances the rather novel idea that children's nurses be trained in Kindergarten methods, and suggests a feasible way of carrying out a much needed reform. The medical editor answers questions concerning the best bed and pillow, rubber nipples, the temperature of the bath, the supposed disadvantages of sterilization, tendency to bronchitis, etc., while the mothers discuss in the "Parliament" kindergarten methods in dealing with thumb-sucking, prenatal impressions, and other interesting subjects. $1.00 a year. Babyhood Publishing Co., 5 Beekman Street, New York.

IN *The American Journal of Sociology* for January, 1896 (University of Chicago Press), Professor Lester F. Ward continues his series of papers introductory to scientific sociology. The present article is on "Sociology and Anthropology." The writer disposes of the charge that sociology is an attempt to identify social science with the physiological sciences. It concludes that even the facts of animal association, of which certain writers have made so much, are only *analogies* with the facts of human association with which sociology deals. They have therefore much less importance than the writers referred to have imagined.

A TIMELY symposium on the Monroe Doctrine appears in No. 438 of the Chicago *Open Court.* Mr. M. D. Conway, a distinguished American publicist, now sojourning in England, attacks the "minatory" message of the president, and searchingly examines what he regards as the fundamental defects of the American political system. Prof. E. D. Cope, the famous naturalist of Philadelphia, expounds and staunchly defends the purpose of the Monroe Doctrine, while Dr. Paul Carus, the editor of *The Open Court*, gives a calm and impartial statement of the significance of the question, upholding the Doctrine.

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A HISTORY OF MONEY AND PRICES. Being an inquiry into their relations from the thirteenth century to the present time. By J. Schœnhof. Cloth, 352 pp., $1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ST. PAUL THE TRAVELER. And the Roman Citizen. By Prof. Dr. W. M. Ramsay. Morgan Lectures, 1894, and Mansfield College Lectures, 1895. Cloth, octavo, 394 pp., with map, $3.00. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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Miscellanea.

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Sketch of Clara Barton.

The Red Cross managers are reported to be busily engaged in preparing for the work before them in Armenia. It is expected that their relief-work will continue six months at least. *The Christian Herald* gives the following biographical sketch of Miss Clara Barton, President of the American Red Cross Society, who will lead the expedition:

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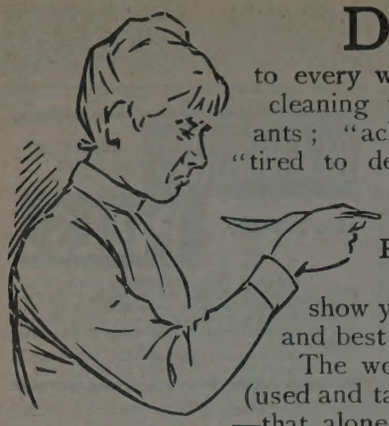

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But out upon that broad expanse of rolling land one need not look for ever at St. Peter's dome. Half the history of the world has been written in stones and blood between the sea-line and the ranging mountains. The memory of a Brahman sage, the tongue of a Homor, the wisdom of a Solomon, kneaded into one human genius, would not suffice to recall, to describe, and to judge all that men have done in that bounded plain.

Where the myths of ages were born and grew great and died, where the history of five and twenty centuries lies buried, romance has still life to put forth a few tender blossoms. For although the day of the Cæsars is darkened, and the twilight of their gods has deepened into night, the human heart has not yet lived out its day nor earned its rest.

On the very spot where you pause, dim primeval battles were fought, Christian martyrs died, barbarians encamped, Roman barons slew one another, and foreign conquerors halted before besieging Rome. Where you are standing, fair young St. Julia may have breathed her last upon the cross; Augustus may have drawn rein a moment there, while Julius Cæsar's funeral prye still sent up its pillar of smoke from the distant Forum, as the Jews fed the flames, bewailing him through seven days and nights; the Constable of Bourbon passed this way, riding to his death; by this road Paolo Giordano Orsini led his young wife to haunted Galera, having in his heart already determined that she should die; Savelli, Frangipani, Orsini, Colonna, Viteleschi, without number, have ridden by, in war and peace, to good and evil deeds.—["A Kaleidoscope of Rome," by Marion Crawford, in the January *Century*.

In Provincial France.

In the January *Atlantic* Agnes Repplier writes delightfully of provincial France. She describes Douai and the Fete de Gayant:—

Happily, however, there was still another member of this ancient family, more popular and more well beloved than all the rest, Mademoiselle Therese, "*la petite Binbin*," who for hundreds of years has been the friend and idol of every child in Douai. A sprightly and attractive little girl was Mademoiselle Therese, barely three feet high, and wearing a round cap and spotless pinafore. In her hand she carried a paper windmill, that antique Douai toy with which we see the angels and the Holy Innocents amusing themselves in Bellegambe's beautiful old picture, the Altar-piece of Anchin. She ran hither and thither with uncertain footsteps, pausing now and then to courtsey prettily to some admiring friends in a doorway; and whenever the pressure of the crowd stopped her progress, the little children clamored to be held up in their fathers' arms to kiss her round, smooth cheeks. One by one they were lifted in the air, and one by one I saw them put their arms around la Binbin's neck, and embrace her so heartily that I wondered how she kept herself clean and uncrumpled amid these manifold caresses. As she went by, the last of that strange procession, we moved after her, without another thought of Lille and its comfortable hotels. Comfort, forsooth! Were we not back in the fifteenth century, when comfort had still to be invented? Was that not the Song of Gayant which the drums were beating so gayly? And who ever turned their backs upon Douai when the famous Ranz des Douaisiens was ringing triumphantly in their ears?

THE MEANING OF RACE.—Attempting to frame a definition of race, Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie remarked in the British Association that when only a few thousand years had to be dealt with, nothing seemed easier or more satisfactory than to map out races on the supposition that so many million people were descended from one ancestor and so many from another. Mixed races were glibly separated from pure races, and all humanity was partitioned off into well-defined divisions. But when the long ages of man's history, and the incessant mixtures that have taken place during the brief end of it that is recorded, come to be realized, the meaning of "race" must be wholly revised. The only meaning that a "race" can have is that a group of persons whose type has become unified by their rate of assimilation and of their subjection by their conditions exceeding the rate of change produced by foreign elements. If the rate of mixture exceeds that of assimilation, then the people are a mixed race, or a mere agglomeration.

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